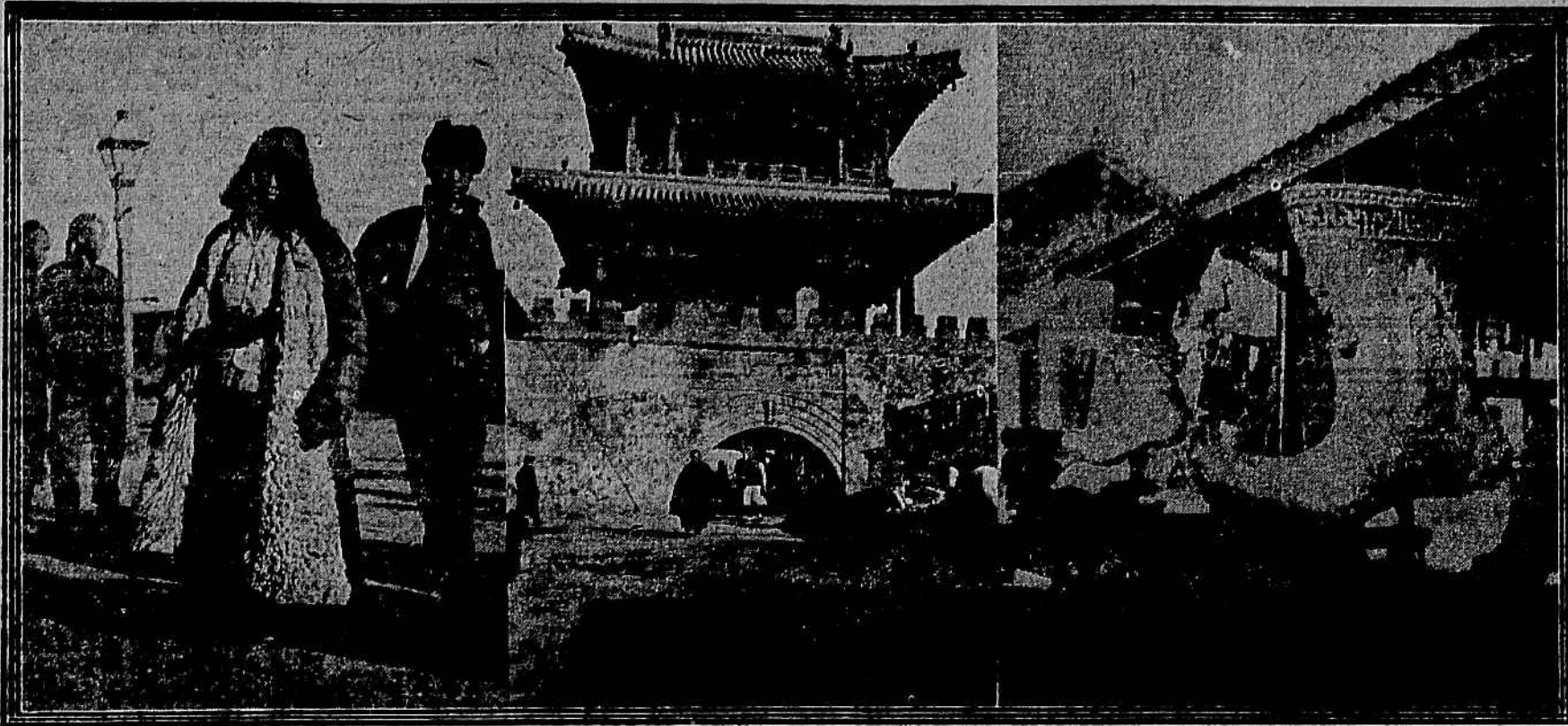


# Mukden---Strange Features of Life and Business In Capital of Manchuria; Thirteen Miles of Wall



MANCHU TYPES. THE COOLIES HAVE SUITS OF SHEEPSKINS.

MUKDEN'S GREAT DRUM TOWER. THIS IS ABOUT 100 FEET HIGH.

MUKDEN'S SHOES. NEAR MY HOTEL IS A WOODEN BOOT HUNG OUT AS A SIGN.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Mukden, Manchuria, 1906.  
I am in Mukden, the capital of Manchuria. It is a city of a quarter of a million, lying twelve hours by express train almost due north of Dally, and twenty hours or more south of the Russian frontier. By the Imperial Chinese Railway it is twenty-six hours from Peking and just twelve hours from Shanghai, at the eastern end of the great Chinese wall. It is the biggest city of Asia, lying north of Peking, and is one of the most important of the whole Chinese empire. It is the home of the Manchus and the birthplace of the dynasty which now rules the 400,000,000 million Chinese. It has scores of noble Manchurian families, and it furnishes a large proportion of the Chinese officials.

## A Tartar City.

Mukden is emphatically a Manchu town. It makes one think of the Tartar section of Peking, except that it is better laid out and its streets are smoother and cleaner. The city has two great walls about it. The outer one is of mud and is thirteen miles long. The inner is about four miles in length, and it incloses a circle of houses a mile or so wide, comprising the old Tartar camp of the past.

The inner walls are of brick. They are forty feet high and so wide that two two-horse wagons could be driven abreast upon them. They run in an almost perfect circle around the inner city, being entered by eight gates, each of which has a walled inclosure about it, so that you wind in and out going through. The Manchus do not believe in straight roads, for they think that evil spirits may be lost or turned back by the windings.

The most important part of Mukden is the inner city. This contains the palaces of the Emperor of China, in which are stored treasures in jewels and precious stones, wonderful carvings in silver and porcelain, worth their weight in gold. The palaces rise high above the level of the city. They are great, temple-like buildings, with curved roofs of the imperial yellow. Their woodwork is painted in bright red and green, and is wonderfully carved. The roofs are of porcelain, and the yellow tiles shine like gold under the sun. For months last year the palaces were filled with waiting officials, who wait there day after day to weep for the Emperor and the old Empress Dowager.

**The New Government Buildings.**  
Mukden is the seat of the Viceroy of Manchuria. The palaces of this man are larger than those of the emperor. They cover, I should say, a half dozen acres, and contain hundreds of officials in addition to the viceroy himself. Tartar soldiers with guns in their hands stand at the gates and richly dressed Manchus may be seen going in and out at any hour of the day. The viceroy's palaces are of modern construction. They are immense one and two-story buildings, surrounded by walls twenty-five feet in height. They are of chocolate-colored brick, well constructed, and are among the finest buildings north of the Himalaya Mountains.

**A Look Over Mukden.**  
I should like to give you a view of Mukden from the great Drum Tower, which cuts the two main streets at one corner. This tower is about one hundred feet high. It rises from a pedestal fifty feet wide, through which two tunnel-like roadways cross at right angles. In passing it this morning I noticed the wicket gate open, and without asking permission I slipped in. I found two flights of stairs with high, narrow steps, up which I climbed slowly to a great drum which is hung among the pigeon roosts under the roof.

Suppose you stand there beside me and look over the city. Below us extending out to the wall on all sides is a gray mass of low one-story brick



THE VICEROY'S PALACES ARE OF MODERN CONSTRUCTION. THIS IS THE ENTRANCE.

buildings which cover at least one thousand acres. Through it run wide streets cutting each other at right angles, and over the whole rise the red walls and yellow roofs of the imperial palaces.

The common buildings are of the same architecture. They are of gray brick with ridge roofs of black tiles, the round comb of each roof sloping up into little horns at the ends. The wider streets are lined with stores, and these have double roofs, so regularly fitted from house to house that they form a sharp valley, banked with tiles, running through the air along the roadway from one end of the city to the other.

Flowing up and down the street is a wide stream of white, blue and black, and then the people as they go back and forth. There are carts and horses by scores, and the scenes are as busy as in the busiest cities in China. Mukden is one of the richest places of the whole empire. It has a vast trade, and its people are on the go from daylight to dark.

**The Street Traffic.**  
But let us crawl down the steps and take a walk through the streets. The Manchus are quiet, and we can go where we please. We shall have to pick our way, however, and must now and then jump into the stores to keep from being crushed by the crowd. In addition to the freight carts carrying bean cakes, coal, grain and all sorts of merchandise hauled by donkeys and mules, single or double, or three or four tandem, there are innumerable pleasure vehicles, great two-wheeled cabs without springs, covered with blue cotton, drawn by superb mules, which go on the trot. Some of the cabs have outriders wearing white hats and red plumes; and now and then there is a foreign carriage with coachman and footman in livery. The town has some droschkihs left by the Russians, the horses of which have great hoops over their shoulders. There are numerous jinrikishas brought in by the Japanese. There are also hugh wheelbarrows pushed by sweating Chinese, and last, but not least, I must mention the long three-seated buckboard of the Astor Hotel. This was brought to Mukden by an American patent medicine man, and for a long time it had the name of President Roosevelt painted

upon one of its sides. It is now the hotel bus, and it makes daily trips to the railroad station, four miles away.

**Among the Tartars.**  
The crowd on the streets is far different from that of the cities of China. These Manchus are not like the small-boned, sawed-off Celestials we have in America, with yellow complexion, snub noses and eyes which look out of button-hole slits in their faces.

They all have more or less Manchurian blood and many look like pure Tartars. They remind one of our American Indians. They are giants in comparison with the people of Canton. I see many men who are six feet tall, with big frames, heavy bones and large heads, fastened to broad, full shoulders. Their complexions are more like copper than cream; their eyes seem wider apart and their noses are often quite prominent. They are not unfriendly looking, and as a rule they do not run when we point our cameras their way.

**Fine-Looking Manchu Maidens.**  
The Mukden women are especially fine. They are big-framed and broad-hipped, and they stand straight as they walk along the streets with a swing. Their feet are not bound like those of the Chinese women, nor do they fear to look a man in the face.

Indeed, they seem to dress for the streets. And such dressing! They wear pantaloons, but over them long coats coming down to the ankles. The coats are often of silk lined with fur. Every girl paints her cheeks and eyelids with rouge, and her head is more gorgeously dressed than those of any other women of Asia. She has a silver framework, which rises over her crown like the comb of a rooster, and about this she twists her black locks in a gorgeous creation. The marcel wave or the pompadour would be ridiculous in Mukden.

Some of the women have plates of silver, gold or other metal, ten inches long and two or three inches wide, which they fasten on the back of the head. They wrap their hair around it so that it stands out like great wings on each side. They go out upon the streets without hats and seem proud of their clothes.

These women have shoes of various kinds. Some wear footgear of silk and satin with thick, flat soles like those of the men. Others have beautiful

shoes built upon soles three times as high as the spool-heels used by our ladies, and such shoes are even more inconvenient for walking. The soles themselves are quite thin, but attached to them are wooden supports, which extend down from the centre of the shoe, much like a French heel. Such a shoe is the badge of a lady, for no working women could wear them. Another badge of high blood is the long finger nail, protected by a sheath of silver or gold to keep it from breaking.

## The Stores of Mukden.

No one can go through the streets of Mukden and not be impressed by its business. There are miles of one-story booths, back of which are warehouses filled with fine goods. There are streets of fur stores and streets devoted to the making and selling of silver, copper and brass. There are innumerable peddlers, who go along crying their wares, and places where the goods are put out in the open during the day and taken in at night. Some of the latter are odd, as, for instance, the peddlers selling false pistols. Each of these has a white cotton cloth stretched taut over a framework of bamboo. This is leaned against the wall of a house where the crowd is the thickest. Upon it are pinned many long black switches of human hair of the length of one's arm. Each switch is divided into three strands so that they can easily be braided together, forming a beautiful queue. Many Chinese men are inclined to baldness, and they buy this hair to braid into their few remaining locks, thus making a false plait of luxuriant growth. Sometimes black silk is used for this purpose.

## Caps and Shoes.

Mukden has a large trade in hats, caps and shoes. There are winter shoes and summer shoes, shoes for workmen and shoes for officials. There are men's boots of leather, men's boots of felt, and a host of all sorts in silk, satin and fine leather for women. The felt shoes have soles an inch or more thick, with uppers whose thickness will average a quarter of an inch. They look clumsy and heavy, but are wonderfully light and remarkably cheap. The coolies wear shoes of leather, much like moccasins, and the officials have high boots of black silk and velvet.

The shoe merchants display their wares on the sidewalks, and there the cobbler sits and mends your boots while you wait. Near my hotel a wooden boot is hung out as a sign. It is painted white, green and red, and is quite as big as the shoe in which the old woman lived with all of her children.

And then the caps of Mukden! They are of all kinds and can be seen by the hundreds on any main street. They are stacked up outside on shelves, which are laid up along the walls of the buildings. They are made of fur, silk and felt, with rolls which can be turned down to cover the ears. There are also hat and cap stores, and places where the fur ear-taps are sold.

## Hot Water Peddlers.

One of the queerest of the Mukden street sounds is a shrill whistle which may be heard in almost every block. It is long and loud and continuous. Still it took me some time to learn whence it came.

At first I thought it might be the whistles these people tie to the tails of their pigeons to scare off the hawkers, but I afterward learned it was the ad-

vertising cry of the hot water peddler. Think of selling hot water on the streets as a business! This is the occupation of many men in Mukden. They have great Tartar samovars made like gigantic tea kettles. These kettles have a stove pipe in the middle, connecting with another pipe which runs in from the side near the bottom. In the latter pipe some charcoal is lighted. As it burns the pipe warms the water, and the steam is forced out, not through the spout, but through an opening on top in which is a whistle of the same shape as the tin two-penny affairs used by our schoolboys. The steam blows the whistle and the boiling water thus advertises itself. The people come to such men with their tea kettles and gruel. They pay a fraction of a cent for enough to make tea for a family, and thus save the expense of keeping a fire.

A great many of the Manchu cooking utensils are made of brass or copper. Not far from the Drum Tower is a long street devoted to the brass-smiths. Here are blocks of brass stores, in each of which a half dozen men in blue jackets and trousers sit before low anvils and pound at brass pots, wash basins and dishes. They make brass chafin boxes with holes below them for charcoal incense burners, candlesticks and the great brass gongs which are used by the mandarins to warn the common people to get out of their way when they ride through the town. Beyond this is a street of silversmiths' shops, where one can find most gorgeous hairpins and bracelets of silver decorated with enamel. Such wares are sold by weight, the extra charge over the actual weight of the silver being for the workmanship.

## Mukden's Big Fur Trade.

This place is one of the chief fur markets of Asia. The country about Mukden swarms with wild animals, and their raw skins and furs are brought here for sale. There are more than forty tanneries in and about the city, and one sees leather and fur shoes everywhere. The fur shops are all open. The skins are displayed just as they come from the tannery and also sewed together in the shape of the mandarin coat. Such a coat is large and full, the fur being afterward cut and fitted to the shape of the wearer. Many such furs are used for linings, the outside being of broadcloth, satin or silk, and some are worn by the Chinese with the hair outward, the lining being of silk and other materials. There are also rugs of various sizes and furs for sale to foreign dealers, such as sable and fox. There are buyers who come here from all parts of Asia, and large shipments are made every winter to Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking.

During the coldest weather the Tartars in the northern part of the empire wear almost nothing else but furs of one kind or another. The coolies have suits of sheepskins and goat-skins, while the nabobs wear foxskins, mink and sable. The Manchus houses are poorly heated, and fur-lined clothes are worn indoors and out. As a rule the best furs are exported. I have thought to have bought an overcoat here, but am told that I can purchase one at a much lower price in Peking.

As to the extent of the fur trade, it is enormous. In addition to the vast quantity used by the natives several hundred thousand skins are annually exported. A large part of the product goes to America, and among the things sent there are thousands of dogskin mats and dogskin rugs, as well as bales of squirrel tails and fox tails for muffs and hat decoration.

Some of the furs are fine. There are tiger skins which bring as high as \$400, and leopard skins at from \$30 to \$50 apiece. Something like 5,000 sable are annually exported, the best of them yielding \$15 a skin. Last year about 2,000 silver foxes were sold, some of which netted \$50 a skin. Over 20,000 red fox furs brought from \$10 to \$30 each, and as to the skins of wolves, badgers, goats and lambs, they were sold by the tens of thousands.

## Manchuria's Dog Farms.

The biggest part of the fur trade with America is in dogskins. The country is so cold that this animal grows a long thick coat worth so much that dogs are raised for their skins. The best skins bring \$1 apiece, and they make beautiful rugs. I am told there are many dog farms between here and Siberia, where the animals are bred for this purpose. They are killed just before spring, while their coats are still long and warm. The killing is done by strangulation, for the reason that a knife might injure the fur. The dogs of the cities are treated in the same way. I see many in Mukden today which I doubt not will be turned into American rugs in the next year or so.

## A Japanese Speculation in Dogs.

The people here look upon dogs as so much live stock, and bitterly resent their being killed on the ground of hydropophobia, or for sanitary reasons. At the close of the Russian War when the Japanese took possession of Mukden they cornered the dog market, and made something like \$50,000 in selling the skins.

The scheme was originated by a

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party of Japanese traders, who are charged with bribing certain of their military officials into passing an order that all the dogs of the city should be destroyed on the grounds of hydrophobia. This order enabled their own killers to accompany them and thus they got possession of the skins, which numbered some 20,000 or so. Among these were many pet dogs. To people who would not stand such an outrage today.

**Some Queer Medicines.**  
Connected with the fur business are certain drugs which come in as a by-product. Among these are tiger bones and claws. Several thousand pounds of tiger bones are annually exported from Manchuria to China and the deer horns used for the same purpose numbered 1,600 pairs in one year. A good pair of such horns is worth \$25, and one with many antlers will bring as much as \$200.

The Manchus use dog meat as medicine, and as a rule the flesh of a black dog is considered the best. Not long ago a German consul came here bringing two pet dachshunds along. One was brown and the other black. At about the same time a Chinese doctor had a Manchu mandarin as one of his patients and was trying to cure him. The mandarin had the dropsy, against which the doctor's tiger bone and cat claws did not avail. "One day," said he, "I saw the German consul going along with his puppies, and he straightway told his patient that the only medicine that would really cure his dropsical legs were two long-barreled short-legged dogs with drooping ears."

"What you need," said he, "is to get a black dog of that species for your right leg, and a brown dog of the same breed for your left leg. Cook their meat into stews and the rich broth will flow down your legs and drive out the dropsy."

The mandarin thereupon sent out his servants and the dachshunds were soon in the soup. When the consul came to look them up, he was told that he would find them in the right and left legs of the offender.

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